

country all around here is covered with the remains of Roman villas, sepulchral monuments, temples, &c. The remains of the villas of Cicero, Julius Cæsar, Pompey, &c., were shown us, and we inspected the ruins of three temples of Venus, Mercury and Diana; in that of Venus was a good echo; various flying and other fancy figures could also be seen on the walls. Our drive led past the almost perfect remains of an immense covered reservoir on the heights near the sea shore, designed to supply the Roman navy with fresh water. This *Piscina Mirabilis*, as it was called, is 280 feet long by 80 feet broad, and its massive roof of masonry is supported by 48 columns. We descended into it by a stairway of 40 steps, while from its summit we afterwards had a most delightful view. At *Mare Morte*, a lake so called because surrounded by hills full of tombs, we reached the limit of the drive near the promontory of *Mycenum*, and retracing our way through this enchanting and classic country, passed *Baixæ* and *Cuinæ* again. We stopped at *Pozzuoli*, and walked up to the crater of *Solfatara*, by an eruption of which *Monte Nuova* was formed in 1538, A. D. After half an hour's hot walking we reached the crater, three miles in circumference (twice the size of *Vesuvius*). At the opposite side a cloud of steam rose with a noise like the roaring of a mighty furnace. We walked to the spot, and beheld a small sulphur-colored cave in the side of the hill. At the end of the cave, from an apparently very small aperture, the sulphureous steam rushed forth, the noise now resembling that produced by a large steamer letting off steam, and coating the rocks around with incrustation of arsenic, ammonia, sulphur and the purest alum. Large quantities of sulphur are manufactured from the sulphureous exhalations in the crater. The ground all about here has a peculiar and remarkable hollow sound. Our guide said that 20 feet below the surface were lakes of hot sulphur water, which found an exit through *Pozzuoli* to the sea, and it was with this water that the ancients of *Pozzuoli*, then called *Puteoli*, formed baths. There is said to be a subterraneous connection between this crater and *Vesuvius*. On our way down the mountain we turned

aside to see the ruins of an ancient temple of *Jupiter Serapis*, and of a very large amphitheatre; in the latter place the dens of wild beasts, the chambers of the gladiators, the place for imitation sea combats, &c., were to be seen in a good state of preservation.

Continuing on the road to *Naples*, we in half an hour made a deviation of about a mile to the left to see the place where *Lake Agnano* used to be. It was drained off last year. Near by are the *Stufe di St. Germano*, hot vapor exhalations from the infernal regions like *Solfatara*. In one chamber (a separate place) the earthen floor and walls were quite cold, yet on standing in it the body was affected as though in a furnace almost, and the air was, near the ground, impregnated with ammonia, which it pricked one's nose to breathe. A few yards further on were the remains of an ancient tunnel, nearly choked up, at the entrance to which a hut is erected. Going into the hut the guardian then opened a door leading into the tunnel, or "*Grotta del Cane*," as it is called. We walked in, but noticed nothing; a dog was then hauled in, and held a few seconds, despite frantic efforts to escape. It was then thrown out half suffocated, and it was painful to look at, as for a while it kicked on its back gasping for breath. A few minutes later, however, it gambolled about, chasing lively lizards, that are very plentiful over the country, as though nothing had happened. Lighted torches were now introduced, and as they were lowered to the ground the noxious vapor and carbonic acid gas put the light out more neatly than if put into water. Going outside the door and kneeling down, we could see that the smoke from the torches had settled in the noxious vapor, and lay there without ascending, level as a board, and showing exactly how high the vapors reached. Repassing through the long tunnel, or *Grotta di Posilipo*, we stopped for the last time to ascend to the Grotto where is placed *Virgil's Tomb*, and passing under some vines and fig trees, I helped myself liberally to fruit thereof. We reached our hotel at two o'clock p.m., washed, and went for a walk to the summit of the hill of *St. Elmo*, where a beautiful, richly decorated marble church,